Teeth

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48644914.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), HEU - Fandom, Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationship:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki
Characters:	Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Adam Raki
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship, Fluff, Anxiety, Comfort, Dentistry
Language:	English
Series:	Part 44 of Sourweather Threads
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-17 Words: 443 Chapters: 1/1

Teeth

by sourweather

Summary

Nigel comforts Adam before he goes to get his wisdom teeth removed.

Notes

ANYWAY IM GETTING MY WISDOM TEETH OUT ON THURSDAY AND IM SCARED AND I WISH NIGEL WAS REAL AND WOULD HOLD MY HAND

Nigel fucking hates getting up early. He has trouble forcing himself to fall asleep at a reasonable hour, no matter how tired he is, so he ends up running on basically nothing. It makes him irritable, gives him headaches. Fucks with his appetite, even, which doesn't make any fucking sense but it's true.

He'd dragged himself out of bed before ten a.m. anyway, though, because he would do fucking anything for his angel.

His angel, who is currently nervously stimming in the passenger's seat.

"It's gonna be fine," he says, for what must be the fiftieth time. "You're not even gonna know it's happening."

Adam nods shakily, his knee bouncing so fast that it's giving Nigel second-hand anxiety. "I know," he says, but it doesn't change a thing. He's still a ball of nerves, just like he has been for the past seventy-two hours.

Nigel turns into the parking lot, squinting into the morning sun. "Can't believe you're thirty years old and you still haven't had your wisdom teeth removed," he mutters.

"They haven't presented any problems until now," Adam pouts. "I've never had any kind of surgery."

"You'll be fine, baby. I mean, shit, you're talking to a guy who survived a fucking bullet to his skull, how scary can it be?"

Adam swallows. Wrings his hands. Nigel takes one of them, holds it tightly in his own.

"...What if the anesthesia doesn't work?" he asks. "What if I wake up?"

Nigel chuckles. "You're joking, right? Baby, you take a fucking benadryl and you're conked out for eleven hours. The drugs are gonna work."

He's still gnawing on his lip. Nigel rubs the back of Adam's hand, soothing little circles.

"What if I say something inappropriate when I wake up?"

"Then I'll laugh, and so will the staff, and it'll be funny," he says, smirking. "Everybody says dumb shit after they get their wisdom teeth out, it's fine."

Nigel softens when Adam tries to smile. He leans across the car, presses a kiss to Adam's temple. Adam lets out a deep, wavering breath.

"...I'm scared."

"It'll be okay," Nigel whispers once more. "And when you wake up, I'll be right here, and I'll drive you home. You can spend the rest of the day watching TV on your laptop in bed. And best of all, you won't have to fucking dread it anymore."

Another nod, more determined. “Okay.” He unbuckles his seat belt, reaches for the door handle. “Okay, I’m ready, let’s go.”

“That’s my boy.” He steps out of the car, and as soon as Adam is within reach, he takes the younger man’s hand in his own once more.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!